

Rag

Oh that existential stamp and sting.

They sling the hash w/o
the meat and topped by 1/2
a rotten egg. People say demi
things sitting around mostly
pissed--if they knew.

You get caught flat out,
fat-assed, in one of these here
novels, there's no exit, kid
(no EX LAX neither) 'cause no-
body gives even a semi-
authentic fuck about nothing.